LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Tiller of the Soil.

BY DAVID L. ROATH.

A hardy, sunburnt man is he,
  A hardy, sunburnt man;
No sturdier man you'll ever see,
  Though all the world you scan.
In summer's heat, in winter's cold,
  You'll find him at his toil—
Oh, far above the knights of old,
  Is the Tiller of the Soil!

No weighty bars secure his door,
  No ditch is dug around;
His walls no cannon bristle o'er,
  No dead lie on his ground.
A peaceful laborer is he,
  Unknown in Earth's turmoil—
From many crushing sorrows free,
  Is the Tiller of the Soil!

His tracts are seen on every side,
  His barns are filled with grain;
Though others hail not fortune's tide,
  He labors not in vain.
The land gives up its rich increase,
  The sweet reward of toil;
And blest with happiness and peace,
  Is the Tiller of the Soil!

He trudges out at break of day,
  And takes his way along;
And as he turns the yielding clay,
  He sings a joyful song.
He is no dull unhappy wight,
  Bound in misfortune's coil;
The smile is bright, the heart is light,
  Of the Tiller of the Soil!

And when the orb of day has crown'd
  With gold the Western sky,
Before his dwelling he is found,
  With cheerful faces by—
With little laughing duplicates,
  Caresses will not spoil;
Oh, joy at every side awaits
  The Tiller of the Soil!

A hardy, sunburnt man is he,
  A hardy, sunburnt man;
But who can boast a hand so free,
  As he, the Tiller, can?
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
  The power has him to foil—
Oh, far above the knights of old,
  Is the Tiller of the Soil!

Gentle Words.

A young rose in summer time
  Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
  That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
  And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
  Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
  The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
  Of autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
  And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
  And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
  With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
  To satisfy the heart;
But, oh, if those who cluster round
  The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
  How beautiful is earth!

The Fratricide.

Long ago, when the Turks were still in quiet possession of the country, he lived in this village with his father and his only sister. The old man was very aged; and to the instinctive hatred which the Greeks seem at all times to have felt towards these their bitter enemies, he added all the rancour which a long life of compulsive submission to an abhorred yoke and to continued insult could not fail to produce. His son shared these feelings with all the strength of a fierce proud spirit; not so his daughter, the gentle gazelle-eyed Daphne. Doubtless, like a true Greek, she deplored her country's slavery, and her Helenic blood boiled within her when her father had to crouch before a detested tyrant, or she herself to shrink trembling from some fierce Moslem's gaze; but the eyes of the young Achmet, the only son of the village Aga, were very mild and gentle; they never turned on her but with a gaze both eloquent and timid—*his* voice at least was soft and low, and that voice had told her that he loved her better than any thing on earth; and Daphne, though she knew that to love him was to love persecution and misery and death perhaps, yet learned to feel for him so deep and passionate a tenderness, that country, father, friends, and home, all lost their hold on her young heart, and left him reigning there alone.

Not less profound was the attachment felt for her by the young Moslem; but carefully, in trembling, did they conceal it from all eyes, knowing too well that the disclosure would probably insure their mutual destruction—for Daphne had but to look at that vindictive old man, and stern, unyielding brother, to feel sure they never would allow their blood to flow unarrested in the veins of one allied to their country's foe.

The young lovers succeeded, however, in keeping their attachment secret, till they found means to bring matters to a crisis.—Some suspicions had, it appears, long rankled in the mind of the son; but the father himself had never dreamt that a few soft whispered words had made his child already a renegade to her country, till one fatal morning, when he called for her as usual, to bring him his pipe when he rose, and for the first time was unanswered. When this seemingly trifling circumstance occurred, her brother, who was seated beside him, started up as though moved by some strong impulse, and flew into the inner room, where she ought to have been, but he found that she was not there. It required but a moment to complete his search, still ineffectual, round the little garden and vineyard, whose limits she had never dared to pass before; and he then returned to his father's presence to announce her disappearance with so perfect a conviction of the truth that his furious rage knew no bounds. He scrupled not to communicate his fears to the father, and the bitter tidings were as the falling of a thunderbolt to the wretched old man, with a cry of rage and horror he bid his son go forth to seek her, and tear her living or dead from their detested enemy. The infuriated man required no second bidding; he dashed from the house, mounted his horse, and was soon careering through the village seeking the smallest indication of the route the fugitives had taken. This for some time seemed a vain attempt. Achmet Aga was known to be absent, but none could tell whither he had gone; at length a sufficient clue was given him by an old woman, who had passed the night on the plain, gathering herbs by moonlight, the necessary ingredient of some infallible remedy. She said that she had been greatly terrified by a vision which had passed her—she had first seen a whirlwind of dust approaching, and as she knew, according to a popular superstition in Greece, that each one of these eddies, which the wind sometimes raises in fantastic circles along the road, contains a demon, who wreathes himself in them that he may dance therein unseen, she crouched behind a bush, and made the sign of the cross incessantly, whilst a huge black horse, bearing a double burden, flew past her at a furious pace. The outraged brother only paused to ask in which direction they had gone, and when she had pointed to the road which led to Marathon, he vanished from her sight, still faster than the ghostly horseman of the night before.

When he reached the village of Marathon it was already late in the evening; but he had no difficulty in ascertaining that Achmet Aga had arrived that day, and had retired within a Turkish tower belonging to his father, which stood in an isolated position at some little distance. Thither he instantly repaired. It was surrounded by a high wall, but this the Greek, young and active, scaled in a moment, and dropped lightly and noislessly within the garden which it enclosed. The first sight that met his eyes was his sister, who, in her fancied security, had come to enjoy the cool evening air, beneath the shade of the mulberry-trees, and was standing alone, evidently waiting for some companion. There was one near her, however, whom she dreamt not of; her brother silently approached her, and as he did so, he unslung the carabine that was strapped ready-loaded on his shoulder. At the sound of his footstep close to her, Daphne started, and looked round to meet his fierce eyes, fixed on her with so stern and resolute a gaze, that in one terrible look she read and knew her doom. The extremity of terror has generally the effect of paralysing the faculties altogether; and this was the case with poor Daphne. She stood as though transfixed, her great eyes riveted on her brother, and mechanically following his every movement with a sort of dreadful fascination. Vainly would she have striven to use her powerless limbs in flight; her bloodless lips refused even to utter a cry, and some invisible power seemed to hold her there before him, who now deemed himself but the instrument of her country's just revenge. Calmly, not a muscle of his stern countenance moving, not a moment's dimness moistened his angry eye, her brother raised the musket to his shoulder, adjusted it, took aim, and fired! A few steps only separated those children of the same parent, and the shot could not fail; the ball went straight to her heart, and with one single groan—but not a groan that was never forgotten by him who heard it—Daphne fell lifeless to the ground.

He did not wait to look on her; rushing from the spot, he once more leapt the wall, mounted his horse, and fled, as men fly who bear with them the knowledge of a deed like this. He rested not till he reached home, and stood once more by his father's side. Unconsciously to himself, he seemed to have longed for the old man's commendation of this atrocious act, as a relief to the sharp sting which, in spite of every effort, pierced him now. He knew not human nature when he cherished such a hope. It is true he had but done the old man's bidding; but he went forth at the command of the patriot; he returned to tell the father he had slain his child! dreadful, therefore, was indeed the punishment of the fratricide, for the father cursed him with all the energy of his despair, and then turned away to weep and lament, and refuse all food, until he drooped and died; and thus was the miserable man left alone with so heavy a remorse; and it has been to him as the avenger of blood. It has tracked his steps and haunted his pillow, and dried up the sources of joy and hope within him, till he seems to be daily growing into the image of the phantom that pursues him. — *Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks.*

Teeming Animal Life in the Wilds of South America.—Our canoe was again launched into the river, and, being well rested, we urged it at a rapid rate up the river, which, occasionally from being very narrow, would widen out and form a small lake of very picturesque appearance, fringed along the bank with the most luxurious timber and brushwood. The barking and roaring of the wild animals was incessant, though not unpleasing to our ear. It was the natural music of the undisturbed forest, and we liked it. The only disagreeable feature in the wild landscape around us was the crawling upon and along the banks of the disgusting alligator, covered with mud out of the river. They were hideous-looking creatures to look upon, yet gave us no concern. They quickly got out of our way as we approached anywhere near them. In fact, they were quite timid, and everywhere in this province, though they would take advantage of a man lying asleep or in a state of inactivity, and drag him into the water, yet they seldom or never attack even a boy when he is in motion. The trees on the margin of the water were literally alive with parrots and monkeys. Kingfishers and vultures were occasionally seen perched on naked branches that here and there overhung the water. As we proceeded several miles up, and were moving in a more open space, where the view extended, the high mountains in the interior occasionally showed themselves, the thick brushwood began to disappear from the banks, long grass and flags supplied its place, and the forest became again more open, with extensive plots of rich grass. High and peaked rocks of strange appearance towered over the foliage, and looked like spires, or some kind of artificial erection. The banks of the river were now either sand or gravel; the water shallow and clear; and as we passed along the fish were jumping about gaily in the endeavour to catch the large flies and winged insects that buzzed along its surface.—*Dr. Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*

A Summer Night in Greece.

It is indeed a wonderful thing, a summers' night in Greece, or rather the space between the setting and rising of the sun; for it cannot be called night where there is no darkness, no chilling dews, no sleep. People sleep during the hot languid hours of the day, and they are thankful to wake, that they may revive under the delicious influence of the faint night-breezes, so mild, so soft, that they seem to be but the gentle breathing of the earth in its slumber; we cannot call it night, but yet it is not day, though the whole heavens are glowing with the intense brightness of the great stars, hanging so motionless in the unfathomable depths of dark unclouded blue, and the very air is filled with light from innumerable meteors shooting to and fro. It is not day, for there is a solemn, a profound repose, which day could never know; the very spirit of rest seems to go forth over the earth, hushing not only winds and waves, but causing every leaf on the sombre olive-trees or green myrtle-bushes to lie still, as though spell-bound; and the starlight, radiant as it is, has a softness which tempers all on the wide-spreading landscape, that might be harsh or abrupt in a more glaring light.—Wherever it may be seen, a calm summer's night is assuredly one of the most beautiful things in nature; but there is something peculiar in the influence it has on the mind in Greece, which I have nowhere else experienced; there is such purity in the sky, the air, the light, such a holy tranquility on all around, that the strife of human life seems suddenly stilled, the fire of human passion quenched, and the most perturbed of spirits could not fail to partake somewhat of so intense a rest.—*Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks.*

An Incident on Borrow's Passage to Spain.

"I was on the forecastle, discoursing with two of the sailors; one of them, who had but just left his hammock, said, 'I have had a strange dream, which I do not much like, for,' continued he, pointing up to the mast, 'I dreamt that I fell into the sea from the cross-trees.' He was heard to say this by several of the crew besides himself. A moment after, the captain of the vessel perceiving that the squall was increasing, ordered the topsails to be taken in, whereupon this man with several others instantly ran aloft; the yard was in the act of being hauled down, when a sudden gust of wind whirled it round with violence, and a man was struck down from the cross-trees into the sea, which was working like yeast below. In a few moments he emerged; I saw his head on the crest of a billow, and instantly recognised in the unfortunate man the sailor who a few moments before had related his dream. *I shall never forget the look of agony he cast whilst the steamer hurried past him.* The alarm was given, and everything was in confusion; it was two minutes at least before the vessel was stopped, by which time the man was a considerable way astern; I still, however, kept my eye upon him, and could see that he was struggling gallantly with the waves. A boat was at length lowered, but the rudder was unfortunately not at hand, and only two oars could be procured, with which the men could make but little progress in so rough a sea. They did their best, however, and had arrived within ten yards of the man, who still struggled for his life, when I lost sight of him, and the men on their return said that *they saw him below the water, at glimpses, sinking deeper, and deeper, his arms stretched out and his body apparently stiff*, but that they found it impossible to save him; presently after, the sea, as if satisfied with the prey which it had acquired, became comparatively calm. The poor fellow who perished in this singular manner was a fine young man of twenty-seven, the only son of a widowed mother; he was the best sailor on board, and was beloved by all who were acquainted with him."

Hazlitt's advice to his Son.

From Hazlitt's advice to his son going home from school, we select the following item, which contains more sound sense, and a deeper perception of human nature than is dreamt of in every one's philosophy:

The World.—Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago—but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has, is *want of charity*, and calling knave for fool at every turn will not cure this ailing. Consider as a matter of vanity that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be;—and (as a matter of philosophy,) that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them, for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature; but with itself; for it is laying its own exaggerated vices and foul blots at the doors of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate unqualified satire can do little good, and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves *always set fairest examples*, or strive to prevent its lower degradation.

The Royal Widow.

There has been some little amendment of late in the health of the Duchess of Orleans, and the joy to which the event has given rise has been some compensation to the royal circle for all the tribulations and vexations from without. It is said that she has at length found a new interest in life to divert her mind from the morbid contemplation of the sorrow which has been sapping her very existence. She has undertaken a work suited to the gravity of her intellect, and well calculated to employ the fruits of the study and meditation to which she has devoted herself for the last five years. It is a history of the Philosophy of the Middle Ages, and those who have been admitted to her intimacy speak in the highest terms of the deep research and powerful thinking displayed in its execution. It is in occupations of this nature, diversified by the superintendence of the education of her children, that the royal widow passes the whole of her days, seeming not to have moved with time in his progress, since the hour which bereft her of hope and happiness fell like a thunderbolt, and crushed her as if to rise no more. Her favorite boudoir at the Tuileries, and from which she rarely stirs save to pay her evening visit to the Queen, is an exact counterpart of the one allotted to her use at the country palace of Ludwigslust, where she passed her happy childhood, and where she first received the intimation that the choice of the Prince Royal of France had fallen upon her. The small organ placed beneath the magnificent portrait of the late Duke, by Ingres, is the very one upon which she was playing a symphony by Sabastian Bach when her brother entered with joyous countenance to announce the news. Sometimes at twilight the promenaders in the garden can hear the sounds of that organ and the notes of that very symphony as they come through the open window like harmony from Heaven. To those who know the tale it seems the sad requiem of the good and brave, the evening prayer for his repose. I have myself seen among the fair listeners many a bright eye dimmed with tears ere that strain was concluded. The duchess touches the organ with a master hand, and is remarkable for the one great excellence of deeming *all* things worthy of being *well* done.—Paris correspondent of the *London Atlas.*

Channing on Books.—In the best books great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If learned men and poets will enter and take their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

The Judgment of Cupid.

BY T. MOORE.

Betwixt Janetta's lips and eyes
  There once arose a warm dispute;
Each claimed of loveliness the prize,
  And Cupid sat to try the suit.

The eyes, a pair of richest blue,
  Darted him such a winning look,
That, spite of all the god could do,
  His judgment they severely shook.

The rosy lips' delicious pout
  Arrested his attention next,
And if he were before in doubt,
  He then grew ten times more perplex'd.

The eyes, which now about their case
  Began to have no trifling fears,
Look'd timidly in Cupid's face,
  And burst into a flood of tears.

Their sorrow quite the god beguiled,
  And eyes had won the contest then,
But the sweet lips so fondly smiled,
  That Cupid paused in doubt again;

And, deeming 't were of little use
  The contest longer to discuss
When each could still new charms produce,
  He wisely gave his sentence thus:

"Whoe'er does homage to the eyes,
  The lips shall pay his rich reward;
Whoever dares the lips despise,
  His wo the eyes shall ne'er regard.

"Go, then, in friendship still combine,
  And cease to quarrel till you meet
With eyes that more serenely shine,
  Or lips whose nectar is more sweet."

Thus did the god his judgment speak,
  And bound them in eternal ties,
For well he knew 't were vain to seek
  For sweeter lips or brighter eyes.

From the Drawing Room Magazine.

The Mother's Watching.

Our little one is sleeping, love,
  The light is on his brow;
His life is in the keeping, love,
  Of spirit children now.

Our little one is dreaming, love,
  His face is full of joy;
A hundred thoughts are beaming, love,
  Around that sleeping boy.

Our little one is waking, love,
  Each lip with feeling heaves;
Like roses with the breaking, love,
  Of light among the leaves.

Our little one is smiling, love,
  His hands are on his brow,
From sleep his dreams beguiling love;
  Come! look upon him now.

Powers' Statues.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

I cannot easily express the pleasure I have had, in looking at these statues. I should be almost afraid to say how they impress me in comparison with other works of art. The most powerful, certainly, of all the statues in the world is the Apollo di Belvedere. That is grandeur. If we descend a step lower and seek for beauty, I confess that I have nowhere felt it, as in these works of Powers; in his Eve, that is to say, and in the "Greek Slave." I do not mean the beauty of mere form, of the moulding of limbs and muscles. In this respect it is very likely that the Venus de' Medici is superior to the Eve and the Greek Girl. But I mean that complex character of beauty, which embraces with muscular form, the moral sentiment of a work. And looking at this last trait, I fearlessly ask any one to look at the Venus and at the Greek Girl, and then to tell me where the highest intellectual and moral beauty is found. There cannot be a moment's doubt. There is *no* sentiment in the Venus, but modesty. She is not in a situation to express any sentiment, or any *other* sentiment. She has neither done anything nor is going to do anything nor is she in a situation to awaken any moral emotion. There she stands, and says, if she says anything; "I am all-beautiful, and I shrink a little from the exposure of my charms!" Well she may. There ought to be some reason for exposure *besides* beauty; like fidelity to history as in the Eve, or helpless constraint as in the Greek Girl. Nay, according to the true laws of art, can that be right in a statue, which would be wrong, improper, disgusting in real life? I am so bold as to doubt it! Art proposes the representation of something that exists or may properly and beautifully exist in life. And I doubt whether statuary or painting have any more business to depart from that rule than poetry. And suppose that an Epic poem, for the sake of heightening the charms and attractions of its heroine, should describe her as walking about naked! Could it be endured? Nor any more do I believe that sculpture without some urgent cause, should take a similar liberty. A draped statue can be beautiful, and can answer all the ordinary purposes of a work of art; witness Canova's Hebe; and the Polymnia in the Louvre, an ancient work. And I doubt not that ancient art would have given us more examples of this kind, if the moral delicacy had been equal to the genius that inspired it. I trust that Christian refinement, breaking away from the trammels of blind subjection to the antique, will supply the deficiency. But at any rate, the statues of Mr. Powers are entirely free from this objection. She who walked in the bowers of primeval innocence, had never thought of apparel—had not yet been ashamed to find herself devoid of it; and she is clothed with associations which scarcely permit others to think of the possession or want of it. She is represented in this work as standing. Her left hand hangs negligently by her side; her right holds the apple; and upon this, with the head a little inclined, her countenance is fixed; and in this countenance there are beautifully blended, a meditation, a sadness, and an eagerness. When I first saw this statue, or model rather, the last of these expressions was not given. I said to the artist, "I see here two things; she meditates upon the point before her; and she is sad at the thought of erring." He said, "Yes; that is what I would express, but I must add another trait." I feared to have him touch it; but when I next saw the work, that expression of eager desire was added, which doubtless fills up the true ideal of the character.

I do not wish to speak of this work in any general term of commonplace praise. The world will see it, the skilful will judge of it, and I have no doubt about their verdict.

Much as I admire this statue, I confess that the Greek Slave interests me more deeply. I have spoken of the want of sentiment in the Venus. The form is beautiful, but the face is confessedly insipid. The Greek Slave is clothed all over with sentiment; sheltered, protected by it from every profane eye. Brocade, cloth of gold, could not be a more complete protection than the vesture of holiness in which she stands. For what does she stand there? To be sold; to be sold to a Turkish harem! A perilous position to be chosen by an artist of high and virtuous intent! A perilous point for the artist, being a good man, to compass. What is it? The highest point in all art. To make the spiritual reign over the corporeal; to sink form in ideality; in the particular case, to make the appeal to the soul entirely control the appeal to sense; to make the exposure of this beautiful creature foil the base intent for which it is made; to create a loveliness such that it charms every eye, and yet that has no value for the slave-market, that has no more place there than if it were the loveliness of infancy; nay, that repels, chills, disarms the taste that would buy. And how complete is the success! I would fain assemble all the licentiousness in the world around this statue, to be instructed, rebuked, disarmed, converted to purity by it! There stands the Greek Girl in the slave-market, with a charm as winning as the eye ever beheld, and every sympathy of the beholder is enlisted for the preservation of her sanctity; every feeling of the beholder is ready to execrate and curse the wretch that could buy such a creature! There she stands, with a form less voluptuous than the Venus de' Medici, but if possible more beautiful to my eye; manacles clasp her wrists and a chain unites them; her head is turned aside a little; and then her face—I cannot describe it—I can only say that there is the finest imaginable union of intellectual beauty, touching sadness, and in the upper lip, the slightest possible curl, just enough to express mingled disdain and resignation.—The thought of a fate seems to be in her face, and perhaps nothing could better bring to its climax the touching appeal of innocence and helplessness.

I will only only add, that Mr. Powers' work seems to me to be characterized by a most remarkable simplicity and chasteness. Nature is his guide, to the very letter. No extravagance, no straining after effect, no exaggeration to make things more beautiful: all is calm, sweet, simple nature.—The chasteness in these statues is strongly contrasted with the usual voluptuousness of the antique, and it is especially illustrated by the air of total unconsciousness in the Eve and the Greek Girl. This is a trait of delicacy, in my opinion, althogether higher than the shrinking attitude and action of most of the antique statues of Venus.—*Union Magazine for October.*

Effects of Fear.

The peasants of Sardinia are in the constant habit of hunting eagles and vultures, both for profit and as an amusement. In the year 1839, three young men (brethren) living near San Gioranni de Domas Novas, having espied an eagle's nest in the bottom of a precipice, they drew lots to decide which of them should descend to take it away. The danger did not arise so much from the depth of the precipice—upwards of a hundred feet—but the apprehension of the numerous birds of prey that inhabited the cavern. However, the lot fell on one of the brothers, a young man of about two and twenty, of athletic form, and dauntless spirit. He belted a knotted rope round his waist, by which his brothers could raise and lower him at will; and armed with a sharpened infantry sabre, he boldly descended the rock, and reached the nest in safety. It contained four eagles of that peculiar bright plumage called the light Isabella. The difficulty now arose in bearing away the nest. He gave a signal to his brothers, and they began to haul him up, when he was fiercely attacked by two powerful eagles, the parents of the young birds he had captured. The onset was most furious, they darkened the cavern by the flapping of their broad wings, and it was not without much difficulty that he kept them off with his sword; when on a sudden, the rope that suspended him swung round, and on looking up he perceived that he had partly severed it with his sabre. At this fearful sight he was struck with such a sudden terror, that he was unable to urge his companions to hasten to his delivery, although he still kept his fierce antagonists at bay. His brothers continuing to haul him up, while their friendly voices encouraged him, he soon reached the summit of the rock; but although he continued to grasp the eagle's nest, he was speechless, and his hair, which had before been of a jet black color, was now as white as snow.—*Dr. Millingen's Mind and Matter.*

October.

In spite of the gorgeous livery assumed by Nature during the month about which we write prospectively, there is always a sad tone in the music of its breezes. Its melodies are in a minor key. Winter already casts his shadow before, and summer flees his approach. Love our firesides as we may, we cling instinctively to the careless season when warmth was not to seek. In an ideal life, Summer would reign perpetually. When we muse of brighter worlds; when we try to imagine what will be the condition of the blest, who ever thinks of fire? No poet of the ideal ever draws a cheering or exalting image from winter. "Thick-ribbed ice" and regions where "the air burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire" have been called in to heighten our notion of a place of torment. So we never long for the "frosty Caucasus," even when we are melting under Cancer.

Yet the pleasures of this season are neither few nor slight. 'Home-bred happiness' begins with cool weather. The friends whom pursuit of health and fresh air has separated for two or three months, will now meet and exchange greetings with new zest. All is animation and excitement, between the history of summer wanderings and the preparation for winter. It seems like a new lease of life to the happy, refreshed and inspirited by the heart-cheering breezes of our lakes and mountains. May they include the poor and needy in their plans for the approaching severe season.

One of the saddening influences of the autumnal change is the prevalence of stormy winds, which remind us of disasters at sea. How many hearts will tremble as the loud blasts of this month bring back the sufferings of last fall, on our wreck-strewn coast! God help the poor mariner,, and spare the hearts that watch for his return!—*Union Magazine for October.*

Punishment of Idle Husbands.—The head chief (of New Ireland) often interferes in minor matters of a domestic nature; for instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two and a few children, and through his love for fishing, dancing, and loitering idly about, neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made, the chief visits the house in person, and if he sees just grounds for punishment he orders out the whole population of the village,—men, women, and children, arm themselves with a stiff birch made of small canes, they then form a long double line about six feet apart, and wait with anxious glee the approach of the delinquent. At last he is placed at one end of the lines amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes, &c. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed through the ranks, every one endeavoring to hit him as he passes. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the line once, or may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skilled in cunning and fleetness that can run the lines even once, without having his skin tickled for him, by the hearty application of the birch, wielded by some strong women! As the punishment is not of a fatal kind the whole affair creates unrestricted merriment.—*Dr. Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*

Petrarch.—It is difficult to say, whether the extended reputation which Petrarch enjoyed during the course of a long life, is more glorious to himself, or to his age. We have elsewhere mentioned the faults of this celebrated man; that subtlety of intellect which frequently led him to neglect true feeling, and to abandon himself to a false taste; and that vanity which too often induced him to call himself the friend of cruel and contemptible princes, because they flattered him. But, before we part with him, let us once more take a view of those great qualities which rendered him the first man of his age; that ardent love for science, to which he consecrated his life, his powers, and his faculties; and that glorious enthusiasm for all that is high and noble in the poetry, the eloquence, the laws, and the manners of antiquity. This enthusiasm is the mark of a superior mind. To such a mind, the hero becomes greater by being contemplated; while a narrow and sterile intellect reduces the greatest men to its own level, and measures them by its own standard. This enthusiasm was felt by Petrarch, not only for distinguished men, but for every thing that is great in nature, for religion, for philosophy, for patriotism, and for freedom. He was the friend and patron of the unfortunate Rienzi, who, in the fourteenth century, awakened for a moment the ancient spirit and fortunes of Rome. He appreciated the fine arts as well as poetry; and he contributed to make the Romans acquainted with the rich monuments of antiquity, as well as with the manuscripts which they possessed. His passions were tinctured with a sense of religion which induced him to worship all the glorious works of the Deity, with which the earth abounds; and he believed, that in the woman whom he loved, he saw the messenger of that heaven, which thus revealed to him its beauty. He enabled his contemporaries to estimate the full value of the purity of a passion, so modest and so religious as his own; while to his countrymen, he gave a language worthy of rivalling those of Greece and of Rome, with which, by his means, they had become familiar. Softening and ornamenting his own language by the adoption of proper rules, he suited it to the expression of every feeling, and changed in some degree, its essence. He inspited his age with that enthusiastic love for the beauty, and that veneration for the study of antiquity, which gave it a new character, and which determined that of succeeding times. It was, it may be said, in the name of grateful Europe, that Petrarch, on the the 8th of April, 1341, was crowned by the Senator of Rome, in the Capitol; and this triumph, the most glorious which was ever decreed to man, was not disproportioned to the authority which this great poet was destined to maintain over future ages.—*Sismondi, on the Literature of the Italians.*

A Dumb Lover.

At the time that Francis I, of France was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, one of his officers, the valourous Bauregard, smitten by the charms of an Italian lady, named Aurelia, of noble family, declared his passion to her. Aurelia, although she was flattered by the declaration, refused his pretensions on account of the levity of the French character, and their national indiscretion. The extreme violence of the chevalier's love urged him to propose to the lady to put his constancy to any proof she might think proper. Aurelia accepted the proposition, and engaged to marry him if he would consent to remain dumb for six months. The chevalier promised, and from that moment never opened his lips. He returned to Paris, among his friends and relations, who lamented the singular infirmity he unfortunately brought with him from the army. Bauregard expressed only by signs; the physicians were sent for; he refused their assistance. The captive King was at length restored to his people; but his joy on his return was diminished by the misfortune of the chevalier, who was honored by the King's particular confidence. Francis sent his best doctors to his favorite, who this time accepted the medicines, but with no effect. The King went so far as to employ even the charlatans, who in his time, even as at present, pretended to possess specifics for all evils. He even called in those who dealt in charms; but to no purpose. All the court were hopeless of his cure, when a famous fortune-teller presented herself, and wrote to the King that she would undertake the restoration of the chevalier to his speech. Being sent for she was introduced to Bauregard, when she addressed him by the word *speak!* —and speak he did, for Bauregard immediately recognized in the stranger his beloved Aurelia! she who had long witnessed his constancy and devotion. Francis was sensibly affected at the event, and presented them with a rich marriage portion.

Signs of the Times.

Among the symptoms which encourage us to believe that a necessity for the beautiful is beginning to be acknowledged as one branch of our utilitarianism, we notice the introduction of *rich stained glass* in the windows and skylights of the newly-fitted Brooklyn ferry-boats. "The oldest inhabitant" can remember when little dirty barges, provided with an ample reservoir of water to dabble the skirts of the ladies, and so managed as to ship a small sea occasionally for the benefit of their shawls, were the only means of transit provided for the "gentle public" between New York and Brooklyn. Then came horse-boats, coarse, clumsy, mean, and lacking the little excitement belonging to the cockle-shells above mentioned. When steamboats made their appearance, they were hailed as a blessing indeed, but no one yet thought of asking for any beauty about them, except the beauty of fitness, and this on the most rigid construction of the term. Year by year some trifling step has been made towards refinement. The unsightly tin lantern was exchanged for clear, bright lamps; the seats were cushioned; smoking prohibited; the floors *sometimes* attended to. Lately, wider and better seats, with convenient dividing arms; handsome cushions, cleaner floors. And now, within a short time, keeping honorable pace with the awakening love of the beautiful made evident by an increased interest in the fine arts, we have to notice the improvement which called forth our paragraph—and we do it with grateful pleasure. It is a step towards the education of the people.—*Union Magazine for October.*

Beautiful Extract.—Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless are we in youth, of all her anxieties and kindness. But when she is dead and gone: when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is we think of the mother we have lost.

Education.—Every man who rises above the common level receives two educations: the first from his instructors; the second, and most personal and important, from himself.—*Gibbon.*

Seek to acquire that virtue in a month, o which thou feelest the least inclined.

Man a World within Himself.—[I] could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the Sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the Needle to the North, and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature, which without further travel I can do in the Cosmography of myself; we carry with us the wonders we seek without us: There is all *Africa*, and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely, learns in a *compendium*, what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

A Beautiful Picture.—A mother, teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companion of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministration we are inclined to do good and [turn] from evil.

Were the happiness of the next world closely apprehended as the felicities of [this], it were a martyrdom to live; and unto [such] as consider none hereafter, it must be [more] than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities, that durst be nothing and return to their chaos again.

Our days become considerable like petty sums by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers.

Two Classes of Lovers.—I have found by long experience, that it is no use remonstrating with a man who is head-over-ears in love. The tender passion affects us differently, according to our constitutions. One set of fellows who are generally the pleasantest, seldom get beyond the length of flirtation. They are always at it, but constantly changing, and therefore manage to get through a tolerable catalogue of attachments before they are finally brought to book. Such men are quite able to take care of themselves, and require but little admonition. You no doubt hear them now and then abused for trifling with the affections of young women, as if the latter had themselves the slightest remorse in playing precisely the same game; but in most cases such censure is undeserved, for they are quite as much in earnest as their neighbors, so long as the impulse lasts. The true explanation is, that they have survived their first passion, and that their faith is somewhat shaken in the boyish creed of the absolute perfectibility of woman. The great disappointments of life does not make them misanthropes, but it forces them to caution, and to a closer appreciation of character than is usually undertaken in the first instance. They have become, perhaps, more selfish, certainly more suspicious; and, though often on the verge of a proposal, they never commit themselves without an extreme degree of deliberation. Another set seem designed by nature to be the absolute victims of woman.—Whenever they fall in love, they do it with an earnestness and an obstinacy which is actually appalling. The adored object of their affections can twine them round her finger, quarrel with them, cheat them, caricature them, or flirt with others, without the least risk of severing the triple cord of attachment. They become as tame as poodle-dogs, will submit patiently to any manner of cruelty or caprice, and in fact seem rather to be grateful for such treatment than otherwise. Clever women usually contrive to secure a captive of this kind. He is useful to them in a hundred ways, never interferes with their schemes, and, if the worst comes to the worst, they can always fall back upon him as a *pis-aller*.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Color of Country Houses.—The Horticulturalist for May contains a fine article on the color of Country Houses, from the pen of its editor. If its hints should receive the attention they deserve, we should in a few years see harmony and beauty in our rural districts, where the eye is now constantly offended with glaring and offensive colors. Scarcely any thing can be more unpleasant to the eye, than to approach the sunny side of a bright white house in one of our brilliant mid-summer days. Nature, full of kindness to man, has, it is well suggested, covered most of the surface that meets the eye in the country, with a soft green, so refreshing and grateful to the eye. His habitations appear to be colored on the opposite principle, and one needs in broad sunshine to turn his eyes away to relieve them by a glimpse of the agreeable shades that every where else pervades the landscapes. Hence landscape painters studiously avoid the introduction of white in their buildings, and give some neutral tint—one which contrasts agreeably with the prevailing hues of nature around them.

It is laid down as a rule among artists, that the colors of all buildings in the country should be of those soft and quiet shades called neutral tints, such as fawn, drab, grey, brown, etc., and that all positive colors, such as white, yellow, red, blue, black, etc., should be avoided. The principle of house coloring, Mr. Downing adopts, and sustains by strong argument and illustration. His practical instruction is, that in proportion as a house is exposed to view, let its hues be darker, and where it is much concealed by foliage, a very light shade of color is to be preferred. Fortunately fashion is now setting in the right direction.

On Lawns and Trees.—A writer in the Boston Courier, concludes his communication with the following sensible recommendation:

"A smooth, fine velvety turf, is only to be maintained by constant mowing, or as often as once in one or two weeks. During the most rapidly growing time of year, once a week will be needed, but less frequent at other times. One who has never seen this mode of treatment, could scarcely believe what a soft, green carpet is thus produced. A single mowing once a month or so, will afford no idea of the closeness of growth which grass thus assumes. To shave closely and evenly, the scythe, in the operation, must be laid flat to the ground; and an English lawn scythe, with a blade twice the width of our common scythes, will leave a more even surface.

Now, if the man who intends to build a house costing two thousand dollars, will only reduce the cost to fifteen hundred, he may expend two hundred dollars of the difference in preparing the ground and planting the trees in the very best manner. The other three hundred he may place out at interest, the yearly revenue from which will pay amply the man for mowing the lawn at least once a fortnight, the summer through, and imparting an additional charm to the place, which no sum of money whatever, applied solely in building, could ever produce. Or, if instead of buying a two hundred and fifty dollar carriage, or a seventy dollar harness, or a five hundred dollar piano, he will omit the purchase of such of these as are unnecessary, or retrench one-third of the cost of such as are useful, he will be able to accomplish all that may be desired, for this truly rational, useful, intellectual, and most delightful purpose, and render his children altogether and more really and substantially happy, than in the gratification of useless baubles."

To Destroy Moss on Fruit-Trees.—The fruit-trees in old orchards, especially in situations where they do not grow kindly, are very apt to have the branches and trunks covered with lichens or moss, which does them considerable injury. This moss may be cleared off in several ways; but one of the simplest, and a very effectual one, is, to sprinkle the trees well with dry wood-ashes while they are damp or wet by dew or rain. If this be repeated, in a short time the trees will be effectually cleared.

How to make Potato-Yeast.—Boil in their skins, three large potatoes; drain off the water, and let them remain in the pot until they are done steaming. Then peel and beat them light, adding a table spoonful of clean brown sugar, as much wheat flour, a tea spoonful of salt, and a teacupful of good rising; beat this mixture until quite smooth, and then pour in three pints of boiling water; set it in a warm place, and in a short time it will be fit for use, having risen to a fine white froth.—*Am. Agriculturalist.*

Nutritious Bread.—Boil half a pound of rice in three pints of water, till the whole becomes thick and pulpy. With this and yeast, and six pounds of flour, make your dough. In this way, it is said, as much bread will be made, as if eight pounds of flour, without the rice, had been used.

How to Prepare a Superb Mustard.—Take ground mustard 3 lbs.; common salt 1 lb.; and mix with vinegar, grape-juice, or white wine.